


# THE REASONS

## Why the L<sup>rd</sup>. Marquis of Dorchester printed his Letter

The 25<sup>th</sup> of February, 1659. Dated the 13<sup>th</sup> of the same Moneth.

Together with my ANSWER to a printed Paper, called, *A true and perfect Copy of the Lord ROOS his ANSWER to the Marquis of DORCHESTERS LETTER*, Written the 25<sup>th</sup> of February, 1659.

N the 12<sup>th</sup> of February last, about five in the afternoon, I received the Lord Roos his Paper, mentioned in my printed Letter, and immediately thereupon I writ that Answer, and sent it away Post the next day: And though, both before and after, I was frequently informed, what reports he gave out in the Countrey, yet I held them onely worth my scorn, and at that time had not the least intention of making any thing publick; my Letter being writ *ad hominem*, and not for the Presse. But when I saw for three days together (before I thought of printing it) those scandalous Papers, that were scatter'd up and down, Posted, and Cry'd by the Common Cryer all London over: And this done (besides the injuries most uncivilly offered unto my Daughter, when She had not put him one penny in debt) to confirm by so notorious an Act his idle boasting, that I was afraid to meet him; I was compell'd so to vindicate my self, being deprived of all other means; for then I well knew he durst not Fight. The Posted Papers I need not recite, because they are so common; For the Jewels and Plate therein mentioned, the first were all her own, except one Necklace of Pearl, and some trivial Diamonds: The Plate was no more than she used in her Bed-chamber, and under the value of Threescore pounds: Before she secured these, she was often threatned they should be all taken from her, and not so much left her as a Ring or Spoon: And since, I intreated Persons of Honor to acquaint his Mother (which they did accordingly) that I would make good both what her Son, and my self gave her, and at their owne Rates; But all would not serve, Spleen and Folly prevailed against Honour and Reason. And now upon the whole matter, whether, and how far I am justifiable in publishing that Letter, I willingly submit to the judgement of any indifferent person. And thus I come to the Lord Roos his Answer to the Lord Marquis of Dorchester's Letter, &c.

This Whelp hath for this Moneth been lick'd over and over, and is yet without form, a rude and indigested lump; If you had used the like quickness in your Reply, as I did in my Answer to your Letter, and therein required an accompt of me with my Sword in my hand, and in stead of Eleven dayes I allow'd you, you had given me but Two, nor so much neither, but in respect of the distance of our dwellings; If in that short time you had not heard from me, with full satisfaction to your demand, you might then upon some grounds have divulged this and more; but now after a Moneths space, when you durst not do like a Man, to answer like a Childe, cleer from the purpose, and most apparent scope of my Letter, which was to provoke you to Fight, and not to Rail; This I say would have stigmatiz'd you with an indeleble mark, if you were capable of more Infamy, then is now upon you. **FOR YOU ARE STILL A COWARD, AND DARE NOT FIGHT.** This Expression I must use often, as Cato did his *Puto Carthaginem esse delendam*: You know the Saying, *Cloath an Ape in Tissue*, and it but adds deformity to the Beast; and, the more a Coward seeks to conceal, the more he discovers his Fears: Of the truth of this you are a shameful Example. What a noyse, and blustering do you make, to appear Some-body, as if with Homer's *Ulysses* you had got the Winds into your empty Bottles? but all in vain; for 'tis with you like a Jade in the Myre, Your labouring to get out, but plunges you the deeper in. **FOR YOU ARE STILL A COWARD, AND DARE NOT FIGHT.** You say, *I was amongst my Gally-pots and Clyster-pipes, when I gave my Choler so violent a Purge*: If so, I was prescribing a Clyster for you to take before our Meeting, else I should sooner have had you in my Nose, than in my Sight. You go on; *I had better have been drunk, and set in the Stocks for it, when I sent the Post with a Whole Pacquet of Chartels to you.* I mention this ingenious Peece of Eloquence, for no other end then to shew what Wit there lies in the Froth of Ale. You proceed, *That If I understand any thing in my own Trade, I could not but know, that the Hectique of my own Brain, is more desperate then the Tertian Fits of yours, which are easily cured with a little Sleep.* Is it possible for any man to be so stupid, as to publish himself in print a Common Drunkard? This is the plain English of your Tertian Fits, which if you had called *Quotidian*, you would easily have been beleiv'd; though indeed they have out-lasted any *Quartan*. You talk of Tutors and School-masters; I have been long since out of their hands; but it is high time you were under their correction; and had I known you, as well before I sent to you in a way of Honor, as I do now, I would for once have play'd the School-master my self, and have brought, in stead of a Sword, a good Rod, the onely fit Weapon to encounter such an Adversary; **FOR YOU ARE STILL A COWARD, AND DARE NOT FIGHT.** You add; *That now I begin to vapour, and tell you I have fought before; and that you have heard I have, with my Wife, and Poet; but if I came off with no more honor then when I was beaten by my Lord Grandison, I had better have kept that to my self.* What you mean by my Poet, I cannot imagine; but you may conceive 'tis not impossible for me to beat a Woman, since I declared such a proneness to Cudgel you. The business between my Lord Grandison and my self, is so fully known to the world, and his Second (an Eye-witness of what passed) yet alive, that there is no need for me to speak a word therein; onely this, as a Hecstor (a name amongst others you are pleased to bestow upon me) I tell you, He that will Fight, though he have never so much the worse, loses no reputation: And I protest, I had rather meet with a man of Honour and Courage, though he did beat me (as you word it) then now to Fight and Beat you: But there's no great danger of that, **FOR YOU ARE STILL A COWARD AND DARE NOT FIGHT.** Next, you scribble about my cutting up Calves, and Dogs; and if by threatening to cram my Sword down your Throat, I do not mean my Pills, you are safe. Indeed, Experiments in Anatomy have much conduc'd to the bettering mans knowledge; and I make no doubt, had I the dissecting of you in stead of a Calfe, I should find the place, where Cowardise is seated. This would be an acceptable Discovery to our Colledge of Physicians. As concerning my Pills, those you would most fear to take, must be prepared with Steel, for I know between Steel, and you, there is a great Antipathy. And whereas you say, *There is no half quarter of a man but would venture to give me battle*; Alas poor Wretch! you do not understand what Dirt you throw in your owne face; for your not daring to meet me, proves *ex ore tuq*, that you are less then half a quarter of a man; and surely here is both good Grammar, and Logick to boot. And now you tell me, *I am most unsufferable in my unconscionable ingrossing of all Trades*, That I am a Doctor of Civil Law, a Barrister of the Common, a Benchor of Greys-Inn, a Professor of Physick, a Fellow of the Colledge, a Mathematician, Caldean, a School-man, and a piece of a Gramarian (as my last work shews, were it construed) a Philosopher, Poet, Translator, Antiscordist, Solicitor, Broker, and Usurer; a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron, and a Hecstor: And there is no dealing with me without a Brigade, if I have a Second for every capacity. What ridiculous stuff is here? *Risum teneatis Amici?* yet I think a less number would scarce secure your Fears, and, even then, you durst not appear in the Head of them; **FOR STILL YOU ARE A COWARD, AND DARE NOT FIGHT.** You say, *for eating the Bread out of the Hecstors mouths, you hope some of them will make me give them Compounding dinners, as well as I did to the rest of my Fraternities.* I think you scape fairly, if for abusing them, you can be admitted to Compound for Dinners and Suppers too. You pithily write, *That I measure another mans valour by comparing it with my owne.* I understand in what sense you would be taken, and laugh at it: But yet 'tis true, I ever did, and shall think, of all Gentlemen as I do of my self, till I find them such as you are: And now for the future, I shall measure all Cowards by your Scale. I will omit (for brevity) the rest of your Billingsgate non-sense (indeed your whole Letter is *ejusdem farinae*) and give you this friendly admonition, That you be more careful and circumspect hereafter, and not charge a fault upon another, when at the same instant you commit a greater in the same kind; I mean, your accusing me of Railing, when you your self transcend therein. I have but a word or two more, and I have done with you: You say, *That I might have had the honour I desired to have fallen by your Sword.* I see the Proverb does not hold true in you, that *Bad Memories have good Wits*: I did not desire absolutely to fall by your Sword, but under the condition mentioned in my printed Letter: And as for the honor you vainly put upon falling by it; I think there is not any, but will beleive me without swearing; if I could have thought upon a more ignominious thing, I had named it. And now Sir, If your back be not sufficiently loaden, go on, and I will lay more and more weight upon you, till you fall under the burden; **AND STILL YOU ARE A COWARD, AND DARE NOT FIGHT.**

DORCHESTER.